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Adventures

Vol. 1 No. 3

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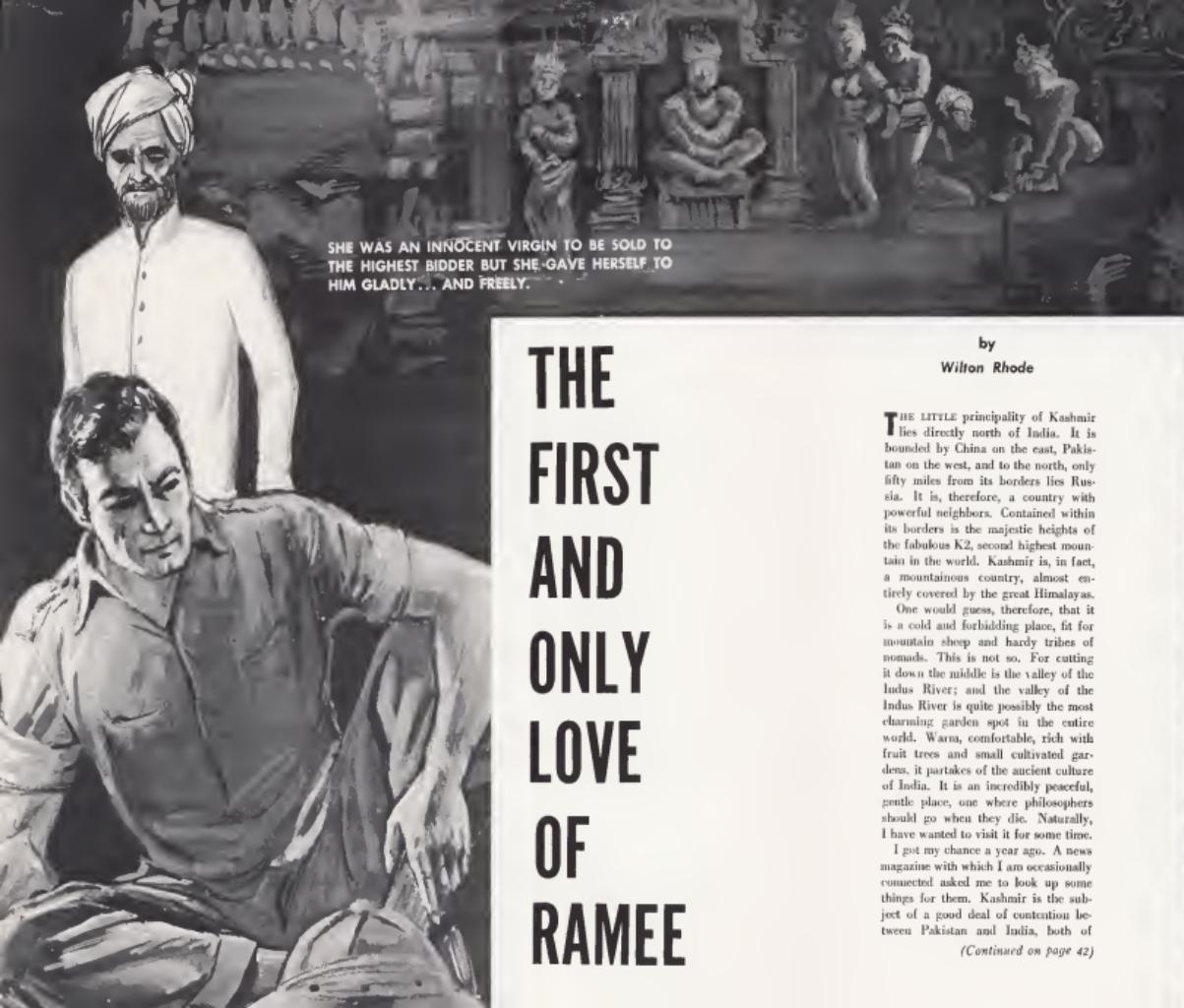
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SHE WAS AN INNOCENT VIRGIN TO BE SOLD TO
THE HIGHEST BIDDER BUT SHE GAVE HERSELF TO
HIM GLADLY... AND FREELY.

THE FIRST AND ONLY LOVE OF RAMEE

by
Wilton Rhode

THE LITTLE principality of Kashmir lies directly north of India. It is bounded by China on the east, Pakistan on the west, and to the north, only fifty miles from its borders lies Russia. It is, therefore, a country with powerful neighbors. Contained within its borders is the majestic heights of the fabulous K2, second highest mountain in the world. Kashmir is, in fact, a mountainous country, almost entirely covered by the great Himalayas.

One would guess, therefore, that it is a cold and forbidding place, fit for mountain sheep and hardy tribes of nomads. This is not so. For cutting it down the middle is the valley of the Indus River; and the valley of the Indus River is quite possibly the most charming garden spot in the entire world. Warm, comfortable, rich with fruit trees and small cultivated gardens, it partakes of the ancient culture of India. It is an incredibly peaceful, gentle place, one where philosophers should go when they die. Naturally, I have wanted to visit it for some time.

I got my chance a year ago. A news magazine with which I am occasionally connected asked me to look up some things for them. Kashmir is the subject of a good deal of contention between Pakistan and India, both of

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SAFARI OF DEATH

SHE WANTED HER FAT, UGLY HUSBAND OUT OF THE WAY. SHE ALSO WANTED HIS MONEY. BUT MOST OF ALL... SHE WANTED HER LOVER TO HELP HER.

by
Leon Kaiser
as told to Stan Hollis

IT WAS LIKE a scene in a dream. There was the lion, bounding out of the brush and heading straight for Barrett, who didn't see it—and, fifty feet away, Barrett's voluptuous young wife stood by, with a rifle in her hands, and watched, just watched! She wasn't making the slightest attempt to save her husband's life. In fact, I thought I heard her silvery, tinkling laughter!

We were camped near the Benoue River in the French Cameroons, just across from Rei Boula. We were following down a report that lions had been seen in the neighborhood, and we hoped to bag a couple to put up on our walls at home. What was a safari if we didn't come home with a lion-head to show for it?

(Continued on next page)



SAFARI OF DEATH

And there was our lion now. But Barrett, who was fat, fifty-five, and hard of hearing, was looking off in the other direction. And Lois Barrett was quite coolly letting her husband meet tawny death!

I was a couple of hundred yards away, too far for an accurate shot. My wife Ethel was on the other side of the river, and our white hunter, Peter Laird, was even further from Barrett than I was. Only Lois Barrett had a clear shot at the charging beast—and she wasn't doing a damned thing to save him!

"Barrett!" I shouted. "Watch out! Lion!"

No use. He couldn't hear me. The lion was no more than twenty feet from him now. I ran furiously across the flat plain, gasping in deep breaths of the 110-degree air, yelling and hoping against hope that I would be in a position to take a shot before the lion reached Barrett.

There wasn't even time to hope. The lion caught up with the astonished Barrett, soaring in one graceful bound through the air to drag him to the ground. The lions of French Equatorial Africa are not the tame, sleepy beasts of Tanganyika or South Africa's Kruger National Park. Here, they are alarmingly ferocious beasts. I got a good view of their ferocity, too. The lion literally ripped Barrett to shreds in the few seconds of the attack. One mighty swipe of the paw disembowelled him, and his throat was severed in one growling snap.

Then—and only then—did Lois Barrett wake up. She hoisted her .375 and blazed away at the feasting lion. When I was close enough, I joined in. Within moments, Peter Laird was on the scene to finish the beast off. And then we took a look at what was left of Barrett. He lay flat, with his intestines spilling out and his throat bitten through. Laird, white-faced, was muttering that he couldn't understand it, that this was the first time he had ever lost a client, that this could never have happened if everyone had been alert.

I looked away from the corpse, sickened. I couldn't meet Lois Barrett's eyes, because I knew I'd see an adulterous come-hither smile in them. If it hadn't been murder, it was the closest thing to it. She had deliberately refused to shoot—when she, and she alone, could have saved her husband's life. It had been cold-blooded murder, whatever excuse she tried to give...

* * *

Our ill-fated safari had gotten under way a month earlier, in Paris. Ethel and I were there for a sort of second honeymoon—after six years of marriage, we were coming uncomfortably close to the brink of divorce, and we had decided on the European trip as a final measure that would either bring us closer together or else put finish to what hadn't been a very successful marriage.

We met the Barretts, George and Lois, one night in the Lido. They were an improbable couple. Barrett was heavy-set and balding, well into his middle fifties, with extra chins and a pot-belly. His wife Lois was about twenty-eight, a radiant long-legged blonde with big breasts and bedroom eyes. The blonde hair, I was later to discover, was natural—and the bedroom eyes weren't just a tease act.

It struck me immediately that she had married him for his money, of course. Barrett didn't look like he was in good enough physical shape to satisfy a female hellion like Lois. My guess on that score turned out to be one hundred percent accurate.

The Barretts were unhappy that night because they were due to leave in a week on a safari to French Equatorial Africa, and the couple they were supposed to go with had just backed out because of an unexpected pregnancy. Everything was all arranged, the equipment purchased and the guides hired, but they didn't want to go alone.

"How about you two?" George Barrett asked. "Think you'd care to go on a safari with us?"

I wasn't too keen on the idea—until I got a look at Lois Barrett's face. She was silently pleading with me to

say yes. I frowned a moment. My relations with Ethel had been deteriorating during the past few days, and we had stopped sleeping together again. It looked pretty obvious that we were heading for a final smashup. And I interpreted the look on Lois' face to mean that she was available, if I was interested.

Well, I thought, I probably *would* be interested. We had the cash to afford a safari—I'm pretty high up on one of the television networks' list of executives—and we had the time. So off we went with George and Lois Barrett to Africa.

We started in Fort Archambault, principal town of French Equatorial Africa, where we picked up our jeeps and our white hunter. Peter Laird was not the standard glamorboy white hunter of the movies. He was a short, wiry little man with a beavy beard, a hook nose, and one shoulder higher than the other—but he knew his job.

After a couple of days in Fort Archambault we set out on the trail, ferrying across the Salamat River and striking northeast toward Lake Iro. We had our first big hunting day at the village of Madecongo, in the Territory of Chad. We pitched our tents in a grove of sausage trees where it was 112 degrees in the shade, and brought down some waterbuck before moving on.

Forty miles to the east, in the Chad village of Kyabe, we met the Ubangi platter-lipped women. Several days later, near Makhounda, we lashed canoes together and crossed the clear, rocky Barya river. We passed through the Guidari region, ruled by a gigantic potentate named Chief Gabaroun who, we were told, had 87 wives and 132 children. Moving on, we headed for the mountains of the Cameroons, a French trusteeship adjoining Chad. Here, in the plains country of Rei Bouba, we settled down to do our real hunting.

So much for the bare geographical details of where we went. Much more interesting is Lois Barrett's part in the safari.

(Continued on page 58)



THE SEXIEST GIRL IN JAPAN

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, THE SEXIEST GIRL IN JAPAN DOESN'T LIVE THERE ANY MORE. WHEN AN AMERICAN PRODUCER SAW THE EXOTIC DOLLIE, HE WISKED HER OFF TO THE STATES AS A PROMISING SHOW GAL.



Caren Chan is at present a triple threat in the field of entertainment. Reason: she's three girls in one 1) a Philosophy major at Northwestern University, 2) a secretary at Pat De Carlo's theatrical agency and 3) an up and coming exotic dancer.



Small and petite, Caren checks in like this: height 4' 9", weight 94 pounds, bust 35, waist 21 and hips 34. While she's not as large as her American counterparts she sure has everything it takes for popularity . . . only it's smaller.





Until she gets her sheepskin from the University, Caron makes her spending money by doing part-time secretarial work for representative Pat De Carlo. And when she gets a job on stage... it adds more greenery for her finery.



So, keep your eyeballs peeled for the great day that the sexiest girl in Japan (or from Japan) makes her appearance at your favorite theatre. It's going to be a performance that you'll never forget.





I WAS A TANGIER'S SMUGGLER

THERE WAS PLENTY OF MONEY TO BE MADE BY BLACK-MARKETING CIGARETTES FROM TANGIER TO ITALY. THERE WAS ALSO DEATH AND IMPRISONMENT FOR THOSE WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT.

OUR LITTLE MOTOR LAUNCH purred smoothly through the Mediterranean waters, heading outward from the international zone of Tangier. A gentle haze hovered over the waters—a haze that shielded us from the trigger-happy gunboats of the Spanish customs officials.

But still there was a coppery taste

in my mouth from sheer tension. As of the past hour, I was a full-fledged smuggler. And if a customs gunboat decided to challenge us, we had the choice of making a run for it (and getting blown out of the water) or of letting ourselves get caught redhanded (thereby insuring ourselves of a couple of years or more in a Spanish prison.)

(Continued on next page)

I WAS A

TANGIER'S SMUGGLER

(Continued from page 15)

We were bound for Italy, a three-day journey, with a cargo consisting of a thousand cases of American cigarettes. Not very sinister, you say? Well, maybe not as gaudy as smuggling heroin, I'll admit—but just as illegal, in this part of the world.

We also had one other item of cargo on board: our employer's Moroccan mistress. She was down below, getting some rest.

As I stood alone on deck, keeping an eye peeled for the customs boys, I had to smile at the thought of being a smuggler. I had been plenty of things in the ten years since World War II had ended, but this was the easiest.

I fought in Europe during the War, and decided to stay in England after V-E Day. I knocked around in all sorts of odd jobs, some of them on this side of the law and some of them on the other, and one day in 1951 I happened to become the owner of an ex-naval Fairmile motor launch that had been roughly converted to look like a yacht.

"Why not pick up some cases smuggling out of Tangier?" someone suggested, and I was hooked. I got together a crew of five, all of them ex-Royal Navy men who hadn't been able to make a go of it in civilian life, and off we went to the fabled city of the Casbah.

Tangier is a free port. Ships of any nation can unload any kind of cargo at all there, without paying duty or undergoing inspection. A highly organized smuggling trade operates out of Tangier, therefore—ferrying goods from the free port to the nations along the Mediterranean coast. The smuggling rings specialize in such desired items as gems, coffee, watches, drugs, currency, antibiotic drugs, and gold—as well as American cigarettes, which are heavily duties in Europe, and which so many Europeans became addicted to, thanks to the presence of G.I.s during the 40's.

American cigarettes are imported by Tangier at \$10 a case. Off the coast of France, Italy, or Spain those same cases bring \$30 apiece from the black market wholesalers, who peddle their goods to small local vendors at around \$160 a case. So both sets of middlemen rake off a 100% profit, and even with the double gouge the local retailers still can undersell the legally imported item, as well as the stiffly-taxed local brands.

* * *

We were one hour out of Tangier with our cargo. I had obtained the job by going to an office in the new European quarter of Tangier, the office of a sleek, suave Latin who ran a so-called "Maritime Agency."

This smooth operator introduced me to an olive-skinned Lebanese who represented the black-market organization in Italy, and we talked terms. He had a thousand cases of American cigarettes sitting on the dock in Tangier Bay—an investment of \$10,000. He could double his money if he could get the cigarettes to the Italian Riviera. Did I know of any small craft that might be going that way?

I said I did. I said a small craft could be hired through me.

"At what price?" my Lebanese man wanted to know.

I puffed at my cigarette—a Chesterfield—and through a thick cloud of smoke said, "Fifteen percent of purchase price." It was the standard fee, that I had been told to ask by more experienced hands.

He scowled at me and tried to haggle in the true Levantine fashion. "\$4500 is more what I had in mind—not \$6000."

I knew what happened to new men who broke the rigid price barrier. Blowing smoke casually in his face, I said, "You've heard the price. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some other people to see—"

"\$5000."

I started to get up. He said hastily, "All right, then, American. You bleed me, but I'll give you what you ask. On one condition."

I frowned. "What's the condition?"

"I have a—female friend here in Morocco," he said with an oily smile. "Quite attractive. I would like you to take her to the destination as well."

"A woman on board? It's a small ship—"

"She will be no trouble. She is well behaved."

"And suppose the customs men catch us?"

His face darkened. "I have more faith in you than that, Captain Gorman. \$6000 plus fuel—if you will take the girl with you."

* * *

In the end, I agreed. I didn't like the idea of having a passenger on board, but on the other hand I didn't have that much confidence in my haggling abilities. So it was all arranged. We would leave the following night, with the girl and with the cigarettes, and when we delivered the goods the Lebanese's partner would give us \$6000 in cash, plus an allowance for our diesel fuel—no skimpy amount, on a round-trip journey of nearly 2000 miles. We fixed our rendez-vous, agreed on signals, and made out ship's papers for Valetta, Malta. It was the standard dodge for a ship leaving Tangier—"Reporting to Malta for further instructions," was all we would tell anyone, and if we were lucky we would be believed.

The next day we loaded our yacht. None of the Moroccan officials who are stationed in Tangier seemed to care. Everything was open and above-board, since presumably we intended to pay duty on our cargo when we unloaded it in Italy.

Around twilight, our passenger showed up, in the company of Mario, the Italian pilot sent by the Lebanese to guide our craft to the rendezvous. Mario was short and squat, with heavy jowls and a drooping black mustache badly stained by nicotine. He went below almost immediately to inspect his quarters.

Meanwhile we inspected the girl. She was a dusky Moroccan beauty with black hair that fell in loose tresses to her shoulders. She couldn't

(Continued on page 50)



MODERN MATA HARI

Believe it or not, this chic chicken was once an ace eaves-dropper for the allies during the Second World War. Now she's showing off her talents on another front for the benefit of the customers at the Cafe Mayol in Rotterdam, Holland . . .

One of the most beautiful women in Europe . . . Magda Durban played a major role in helping the allies win the war by supplying secret information about German supply movements in Poland. For the authentic scoop on the well-shaped (39-24-36) warrior EXOTIC ADVENTURES contacted ex-RAF Flight Lieutenant Tony Emmet. Here's his story on Magda in his own words . . .

"Most of the scars of war are gone, and



it was heartwarming to see Rotterdam so gay. One late afternoon, a strange thing happened to me. I was browsing around the theatre section, when I came across a poster that read:

**Mayol Concert presents
MAGDA**

A strange shiver went through me. Was it possible that this seminude danger was the same Magda I knew from the Polish Legion of the RAF?

"That night sitting in a box seat, I saw her and it was Magda, but the dark haired girl we nicknamed Maggie was now a blonde.

"I motioned I would see her backstage after the show. She nodded. One thing was certain I was glad she was still alive.

"How long ago was it? Ten or eleven years? I had volunteered for a special mission with the Polish Legion. Then I found out my job wasn't the piece of cake I



thought it would be. Intelligence told me to pick up a passenger in my Wellington bomber just below Lebisyn in the north of Poland. I thought, the spy must be important. Somehow through the gunfire we managed to reach our rendezvous.

"Below, as planned, were three flickering white lights. We landed and three figures ran towards us. Suddenly gunfire broke out. Two figures doubled up and fell. The third fell, half got up and fell again. Then a small car with German soldiers whizzed towards us. I turned the aircraft around to face them. The front gunner spun his turret around and gave the



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enemy a blast. We rescued our shot-up passenger and took off with wailing sirens in the distance.

"Our passenger was Magda. She was hurt in the shoulder and leg. Otherwise she was fine and incidentally, she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

"Through all our encounters with the Jerries, Magda was a real sport. But

though we managed to shake them off, we were full of holes and I was running low on fuel.

"We had to crash land. I saw Sutton bridge airfield ahead and we belly landed with a frightful crash. Luckily we had no explosion.

"I woke up in the hospital with two broken legs. Everyone else was all right.



Magda visited me twice but I learned little about her, except that she had parachuted into Warsaw at least four times. About her experiences she never spoke. Then one day she disappeared altogether. I never saw her again until I spied her at the Mayol.

"Backstage she greeted me like a long lost brother. She was now blonde, but still very beautiful. We went for a cocktail and I asked her many questions about herself and her experiences. There are many

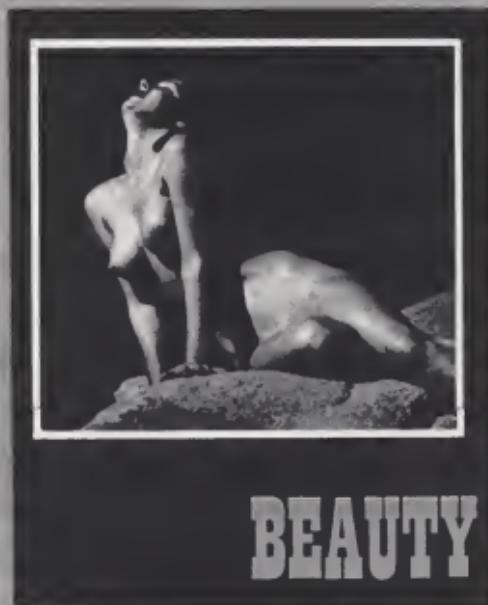
things we still cannot talk about Tony, you understand'. Then she changed the subject, 'My new show, Tony, you like it?' When I nodded, she added, 'It's the most exciting thing I have ever done'."

So with nerves of steel, but with a body of warm and wonderful flesh Modern Mata Hari, Magda Durban, continues to rebuild her post-war life (and her reputation) as one of Europe's most fabulous exotic dancers.



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Some of the most famous figure photographers in America have combined their talents to bring together a collection of nude studies that are without equal for sensitivity of perception and artistic technique. Sections include, Violence, Love, Madness, Fantasy, Hunger and Lust.



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THE SEX ORGIES OF SARAWAK

THE NIGHT OF THE WILD ORGIES OF THE DYAK TRIBE WAS THE MOST SENSUAL, EROTIC AND EXOTIC NIGHT WE HAD EVER HAD THE PLEASURE TO SPEND... IT WAS ALSO, ALMOST OUR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.



By the blinding light of the searchlight, we saw three naked girls descending on us, like demons, with razor sharp machetes.

by
Raymond Pellegrini

THE DYAK VILLAGE was just ahead of us in the steaming tropical jungle. We had left the boats tethered to palm trees at the edge of the river, a muddy tributary of the Rajang, and we were making our way through the thick rain-forest, our cameras slung over our shoulders, while sweat poured in rivulets down our bodies and annoying insects of fantastic size and fabulous coloration nipped at our skins.

This was the high point of our visit to Borneo's northern-most region,

Sarawak, a British crown colony that looks out at the South China Sea. A seven-man team—three Italians, an Englishman, and myself (I am of mixed French and Italian ancestry, but have lived in the United States since 1941)—had been commissioned to make a documentary film on this little known region of Borneo. For one hundred five years, Sarawak had been the private property of the Brooke family, the White Rajas, who had governed

(Continued on next page)

SEX ORGIES OF SARAWAK

all 47,000 square miles of wild jungle as though it was their private estate—which it was. But now, since the last of the White Rajas had ceded Sarawak to the British Crown, film teams could come in and explore.

Which we were doing. We had already exposed all the footage we cared to in Kuching and Sarikel, the closest things to cities that this primitive land has. Now—despite the advice of British friends in the capital city of Kuching—we had embarked on a journey up the Rajang River to film the villages of the Dyaks, the fierce and pagan inland dwellers of Sarawak, who gleefully practiced headhunting until the beginning of this century, and who still were supposed to carry on the practice (as well as other barbaric customs) in some areas today.

We had three boats for us and our equipment. Paddling up the Rajang, we branched off onto a smaller tributary and had followed that to the utmost limit of navigation. Now we were proceeding on foot. The Dyak villages are built close to rivers, since they are a water-loving people, and we knew we could not be far from a village now. And, sure enough, a Dyak village came into view, just beyond the groves of tall fruit trees that ring every Dyak village.

Our first contact with the natives was a sudden one. A Dyak girl appeared from behind a durian tree. She was a strikingly beautiful brown-skinned girl in her middle teens, wearing only a short hand-woven skirt around her hips. Silver ornaments and vivid flowers gleamed in her black, glossy hair. Her lovely melon-shaped breasts gleamed with some sort of oil.

For a frozen moment we stared at her and she stared right back at us. Then, giggling, she turned and ran swiftly toward the village. She was a lookout of some sort, evidently.

We followed her. We were well armed, but we knew there was little danger. Although primitive, the Dyaks are friendly to strangers and most of them are familiar enough with white

men to show no fear of them.

We heard gongs beating in the distance—a sign of welcome. As we emerged in the clearing, women and girls, all bare to the waist, came trooping out to greet us. The Dyak women are among the most beautiful in the entire Indonesian area—second only to the bare-breasted lovelies of Bali, in my opinion. And suddenly we were surrounded by dozens of them! Grinning cheerfully, they hustled round us, taking our packs from us, seizing us by the hand. They would have carried the cameras too, except that our two French cameramen, Linard and Versins, yelled in annoyance and indicated that they would carry the precious cameras themselves.

As we struggled along I heard Ashfield, our British lighting expert, say, "Funny sort of village this must be. I don't see a single male!"

I hadn't noticed it until then, but it was so. Not one male Dyak was in sight. Probably they were all out on some big hunt, I told myself.

We were led to the longhouse. A Dyak village lives all under one roof; the longhouse is an immense building on stilts which generally houses fifty or sixty families. Each family has an inner room, and all of them have access to the long communal room that runs the length of the building. The longhouse stands nine or ten feet off the ground, and the only way you can get into is by climbing a ladder—which in the old headhunting days was hoisted up out of reach whenever a hostile tribe went on the prowl.

We clambered up the slippery, time-worn ladder into the longhouse. In Malay, which is not very different from the Dyak tongue, I explained that we had come to spend some time in the village. I asked to see the headman, but the women only shrugged and giggled.

"He is not here now," they told me over and over. "But you must stay. You will be our guests. We are so glad you came!"

* * *

It certainly was a top-notch reception we got. Girls clustered around us closely, innocently unaware that the jutting nipples of their tip-tilted breasts kept grazing us provocatively. Once I turned quickly just as a Dyak girl walked diagonally past me, and I found my hand cupping a full, warm breast, the nipple hard against my palm. I let go in a hurry, but the girl merely giggled and showed teeth stained by betel-chewing.

Girls brought us mugs of home-brewed rice beer. It would have been impolite to refuse, but we made the drinks last as long as we could, because the stuff was not only metallic-tasting and harsh, but also tremendously potent. The gong-beating and drum-pounding continued steadily. They were making quite a fuss over us.

We squatted on floor mats inside the cool, clean longhouse and they brought us a meal—plates of rice, tobacco, eggs, betel-nut, and salt, laid out in rows of seven plates each. Three giggling girls crouched around each of us, jostling among themselves to see who could get closest, and they coached us in the Dyak way of eating. We took something from each plate and piled it on a larger plate. Then, I crowned the pile with chicken feathers that had been dipped in blood, first touching everyone near me with the feathers to leave a little blood on each. This dish was then placed on a shelf as an offering to the gods. I helped myself all over again, from the small dishes, and more rice-beer went the rounds.

Halfway through the meal I happened to look up at the roof. Skulls, grisly relics of headhunting days, grinded down at us from the shadowed rafters.

The party continued all afternoon, until we were stuflid to bursting. Iacometti and Linard wanted to get the cameras set up, but the girls were insistent: there was plenty of time for picture-taking later, they told us in broken Malay; today and tonight were for feasting and sport!

And not a single healthy man in the village, I noticed. The only males were

three or four ancient warriors who sat huddled up in the longhouse, too feeble to move around. There wasn't a man under seventy or above ten in the entire longhouse. I couldn't understand it. Had the entire male population gone to visit some other tribe? None of us could figure out a reason.

But one thing was certain: in the absence of men, the attractive girls of this village definitely were giving us the glad hand. They seemed delighted to have men—any men—among them.

After the meal, the girls left us alone for a little while. Linard, our pint-sized French cameraman, was positively aglow with rapture.

"Such breasts! Not even in the Folies have I seen breasts like these! And the skin—that rich golden-brown—the liquid grace with which these women move!"

"You'd better not talk like that when the husbands come home," Ashfield said sourly. "The blighters might get upset and add your skull to the collection up there."

"Where do you think the men are?" asked Luceschi, one of the Italians.

I shrugged. "Off on a hunt, maybe."

"Why don't we ask the women about it?" Versins suggested.

It seemed like a sensible idea, and, when the girls returned a few minutes later, Luceschi put the question to them. The only answer he got was a chorus of giggles. The girls exchanged sly glances with each other. Obviously we were not going to be told.

They tugged us to our feet and dragged us out of the house. It was close to twilight now, and there would soon be a sharp temperature drop. During the day, the thermometer hovers in the steaming eighties and nineties, but at night-fall it drops some thirty degrees sometimes. We were sweaty and grimy from the day's humidity. And, to our surprise, we found the girls trying to peel our clothes off!

"Time for a swim," they chorused.

Shrugging, we stripped, while the Dyak girls laughingly made twittering comments we could not understand. Then they wriggled out of their little

skirts and bore us down to the stream.

For the next half hour we frolicked in the cold, swiftly-flowing stream with some thirty naked Dyak maidens. The girls were superb swimmers, as you would expect from a tribe raised practically at the water's edge, and they flashed around us like golden-brown fish, swimming between our legs, up-ending us, and generally having a good time. We were a little hesitant at first, but it wasn't long before we joined in the spirit of the thing and pranced around in the water joyously. The Dyak girls had firm athletic bodies, and a tingle of excitement went through me every time I came in contact with one of them. I was beginning to get tremendously aroused sexually by these girls, and the fact that there were no men in the village made things all the more appealing. All right, we were here to film an educational documentary movie—but that didn't mean we couldn't have some fun too!

We came out of the water, dried off, and dressed in full view of the entire village. Old women and little children came down to the edge of the stream to see the white men naked. The sun had just about fallen by the time we were decent again. The temperature was dropping rapidly. The coolness was blessed after the hothouse temperatures we had endured all day.

We noticed the girls murmuring among themselves. Suddenly seven of them—the seven prettiest—came forward. Each one slipped her arm through one of ours. The girl who chose me was one that I had had particular sport with in the water. She was taller than most of the Dyak women, and her body would have done justice to a statue of a Greek goddess. She carried herself erect, with her shoulders thrown back and her high, perfectly-formed breasts jutting forward, twin mounds of loveliness.

(Continued on page 51)



ATTACKED BY MONSTER CRABS

CAN YOU THINK OF A MORE HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE, THAN TO BE TORN TO SHREDS BY A HORDE OF MONSTER CRABS? I CAN'T! BECAUSE IT ALMOST HAPPENED TO ME...

"**T**HIS IS THE PLACE," Pamela said. "We'll be all alone here. Nobody ever comes here but me."

We climbed out of our outboard motor boat and up onto the sandy shore. We had come ashore on a tiny mangrove-dotted inlet along the coast of British Honduras, a little ways north of Belize, the capital. The place was idyllic. And we had the whole beach to ourselves, Pamela and I. I

was looking forward to a long afternoon of love with this busty daughter of a British diplomat. I wasn't prepared for the nightmare events that would take place that afternoon.

"Do you come here very often?" I asked as we beached the boat.

She grinned enigmatically. "Whenever I feel the need to get away from the town."

(Continued on next page)

by
Dave Callahan



ATTACKED BY MONSTER CRABS

"You come alone?"

"Sometimes," she said. "Unless I have company. Interesting company, like you, David."

Hand in hand, we climbed up the beachbank. It was a warm, muggy day; Pamela was wearing a man's white shirt whose buttons barely managed to hold back the magnificent thrust of her bosom, and a pair of khaki trousers that clung tightly to her hips and thighs. Overhead, the hot sun was burning its way through the thick clouds. I spread a blanket for the two of us. There were two bottles of local rum in the boat, for refreshments, and we had forgotten them.

"I'll go back to the boat and get them," I said. When I reached the boat, I scooped up the bottles and looked up-beach. Pamela was peeling off her blouse. She had nothing on underneath. I ogled her gently swaying breasts appreciatively as I ap-

proached. She unbuttoned the trousers, kicked them off, and stood lovely and nude before me.

Her body was evenly tanned—she had no telltale stripes of white across her middle. From her throat down past her full, round breasts to her beautifully-sculpted legs, she was a splendid golden-brown. She shook her red hair out in the air.

"Come—get undressed and let's have a swim first," she said in those crisp British accents that sounded so out of place in this primitive Central American country. "After we've bathed, we can enjoy ourselves on the blanket."

Smiling, I said, "You go ahead and get your feet wet while I'm opening the bottle. I want a nip of rum before I get into the water."

She nodded and went skipping down to the edge of the beach, where the Caribbean waters lapped against the sand. As she ran I watched the smooth play of muscles in her back and buttocks. If ever a girl had been

made for love, I thought, Pamela had.

She waded out into the shallow water while I busied myself with the corkscrew-attachment of my knife. Finally I got the bottle open and took a deep, tingling pull of the flavorsome British Honduras-style rum. Glancing downbeach, I saw Pamela gleefully splashing around. She was swimming alongshore toward a projecting cove over to the east.

I unbuckled my belt and started to slip out of my trousers. Suddenly I heard screams.

"David! David! Help—the crabs—the crabs!"

I shaded my eyes and looked down-beach for her. She was almost completely hidden around the cove; all I could see of her was her body from the breasts upward. She was leaping around wildly in the shallow water some thirty feet offshore.

Grabbing up the unopened bottle of rum to use as a weapon, I sprinted toward the water. "What's happening?" I yelled. "What's the trouble?"

"The crabs!" she shrieked. "The monster crabs!"

Half stumbling over myself in my hurry, I reached the edge of the shore. There was Pamela, off shore in water no higher than her lovely knees—and monster crabs a foot across were leaping up out of the water, gnashing their ugly pincers at her nude form! The water seemed to boil with their hideous forms. There must have been hundreds of the crabs, swarming up from their slumbers in the mud.

She was screaming in utter mindless panic. I could see a bloody gash along one arm, another just beneath one jouncing breast. She was doing a wild dance, a death-dance, and the water around her was stained with red.

And I heard the sound the crabs made: the dull, ominous *cluck-clack* sound of heavy pincers cracking together.

Pamela was trying to beat the monsters off with her hands, but they were slashing her mercilessly on hip and thigh and arm and belly and buttock and every other part of her body they could reach.



"Aw, come on baby . . . how about one more belt for the road?"

Raising my bottle high as a club, I waded out into the water, conscious that my unprotected nakedness was terribly vulnerable to the attack of the crabs. I didn't care. I had to save Pamela...

* * *

The picnic that turned into bloody nightmare took place only one day after I had first met Pamela Hunt. I was in the sleepy capital of British Honduras on legal business. It seems that in 1940 a well-to-do family had fled from Belgium before Hitler's legions, and had taken refuge in Belize, British Honduras. After the end of the war, one branch of the family emigrated to New York, the rest staying behind in Central America. Now, a wealthy member of the New York branch had died, and I had been sent down here to seek out the beneficiaries of his will.

I hadn't been in Belize more than an hour when I met Pamela Hunt. Having checked in at my hotel, I stepped out into the quiet street for a look round town. Turning a corner, I bumped into a tall and well built white woman about twenty-five years old.

"Sorry," I said automatically. I had almost knocked her down.

"You mustn't turn corners like that," she said with an impish grin. "Down here nobody's ever in a hurry, you see. Life moves slowly."

My eyes went up and down her lush body. "I'll be more careful next time—but it certainly was a pleasure to bump into you, Miss—Miss—"

"Hunt. Pamela Hunt. My father's a member of the local diplomatic corps. I've been living here eight years, and it's wonderful to see a strange face. A strange male face."

That was the beginning. Pamela volunteered to show me around town—there wasn't much to see—and then we stopped in for a drink at a native rum-shop. She was terribly bored she told me, but her mother was dead and her father needed her to serve as hostess in diplomatic functions and the like. I was sympathetic. Sympathetic enough to find myself seated

next to her in a trim little Jaguar, heading out of the heart of town and out to a handsome colonial mansion some five miles away. It formed a sharp contrast with the shoddy little native hovels. This, Pamela said, was her house.

"Daddy" wasn't home, it seemed. We went inside, were served cocktails by one of Daddy's servants, and then went upstairs to Pamela's room. She closed the door and was out of her clothes an instant later. I hadn't expected things to happen quite this way.

She was no virgin, but it had been a long time since she had made love, and I got the benefit of all the stored-up passion inside her. Her body was fantastic, and she used it well. Maybe she hadn't had much experience, but she was a natural bed-partner all the same.

Later, as we lay utterly spent in each other's arms, she asked me how long I was going to be here.

"A week or two," I told her. "As soon as I've settled the business of the will, I'll have to fly back to New York."

"Only a week or two?" she pouted. "We must make the most of it, then! What are you doing tomorrow?"

"In the morning I'm seeing the Schultz nephews," I said. "I'm free all afternoon, though."

"Splendid! There's a wonderful little inlet up the coast from Belize. You need a motor boat to get to it, and hardly anyone around here has a motor boat. We do, though. I'll ask Daddy to let me have the boat tomorrow, and we'll have a little outing, shall we?"

She insisted that I stay for dinner and meet Daddy—he was a stuffed shirt who didn't say three words to me beyond the formalities—and later that evening she drove me back to the hotel in town, agreeing to pick me up at noon the next day.

I couldn't wait. I dreamed of her that night—of this ravishing girl stuck away in a dreary Central American colony that was half jungle and half swamp, waiting for lovers to come. I even developed some fantasies of mar-

rying her and taking her back to civilization with me. The more I thought about that, the more I liked the idea. I had survived for thirty-two years without getting hooked into matrimony, but this girl had everything: beauty, brains, culture, and just the right touch of exoticism to make her something worth showing off in New York.

The next morning I held my first conference with the Schultz heirs, but my mind wasn't really on what I was doing, and the meeting was inconclusive. At noon, the little red Jaguar was waiting outside the hotel for me.

I kissed her hello as if I'd known her for years and not just for a single day, and we drove down to the harbor, where she turned the Jag over to a native servant and boarded the motor-boat that took us to her secret inlet.

I've already told the next part—of how we beached the boat, how Pamela stripped to the buff and went down to the shore to wade. It was then that the hellish nightmare began, the nightmare that has haunted me every night in the three years since that day... the nightmare of attacking crabs...

* * *

Pamela's beautiful face was a hideous mask of sheer terror and pain as I waded toward her, slipping and sliding on the slimy mud. Evil claws flicked up from the water around her, drawing blood at every touch, and she was cut off from the shore by a solid mass of the crabs. The drifting tides had sent slicks of blood up and down the shore, and more crabs were on their way to join the attack.

I was thirty feet away from her... twenty... fifteen. My breath was coming in ragged bursts as I tried to run through the shallow water. I slipped and fell headlong; the rum-bottle dropped, and because it was the closest thing to a weapon I had, I knelt and groped in the choppy surf until I found it again.

"I'm coming, Pam!" I yelled.

"Hurry! Kill them! They're tearing me apart!"

(Continued on page 53)



THE SOUTH AMERICAN STRIP-TEASE MILL

Hottest gimmick on the South American market is the old fashioned North American shell game we call... strip-tease for suckers.

Near the bustling, hustling Brazilian city of Rio de Janeiro is one of South America's most famous landmarks: the Club Del Lido. Here, in an exotic atmosphere, the tourist is separated from his dollar the most painless way possible... by watching a bevy of beautiful women take off their clothes.



While most customers expect a complete strip, the recent laws passed by the Brazilian senate prohibit the exhibition of flesh for purposes of entertainment.





Therefore the sports who want the real thing don't go to the popular niteries. Instead, the shrewd ones in the know, hop a taxi to the nearest private club like the one we show here.

For a small membership fee of about five bucks American, anyone can "join" the private club. Drinks, food and fun are just a little extra but it's more than worth it when compared to the run of the mill strip joints that don't.



As the evening progress in the private club... the music, drinks and the women grow warmer and warmer. And at the grand finale. Off comes everything the law will allow. And if you're there on a particularly good night... somethings the law doesn't allow.

If you think you've seen all the strippers the world over, you'll still be pleasantly surprised when you meet the ones in Brazil. The big difference here is the music. Blase as you may think you are, there's nothing quite as thrilling as watching a strip tease done to the strains of a Cha, Cha, Cha.



But don't forget... beware the average South American strip-tease mill. You'll lose all interest in the game once you see what federal regulations can do to hamper the wonderful sport in the tropical country of Brazil.



THE MALAYAN GIRL CAME AT NIGHT

HE WAS ALONE AGAINST A FEAR RIDDEN CROWD OF NATIVES AND A RENEGADE WHITE MAN WHO HAD SWORN TO KILL HIM.



by
Park Weston

JERRY PERSONS would never have left Kuala Lumpur in the first place if he had known about the girl. Although in the end he was reconciled to the fact that it had been worth it, he was sure that he would not want to go through the whole thing again; not for anybody, not even for the luscious-bodied little Malayan girl who had known so many tricks of love.

However, the fact of the matter is that Jerry Persons really had very

little choice about going. His company, Allied Tin Exports, Ltd. had told him to go. Allied Tin had its headquarters in Kuala Lumpur, the Malayan capital, on High Street, not far from where Market Bridge crossed the Kluang River. But it reached into the Malayan inlands, into the High Forest up around Kuala Krai. And here, of course, men must be sent from time to time.

(Continued on page 54)

THE FIRST AND ONLY

LOVE OF RAMEE

(Continued from page 5)

whom claim it for their own. America's relations with India are considered important, and consequently our position on this question of the ownership of Kashmir was of some interest.

I will not dwell on my uneventful trip to Srinagar, nor on the rather tedious nature of my business there, which consisted mostly of interviewing important figures in the government. Suffice it to say that in two weeks I had cabled my reports to the editor in New York, picked up my check, which, including expense money, amounted to a nice sum, and struck out up the Indus River Valley for a look at the country.

I did not really have the time to do so; I had an assignment waiting for me back in New York. But the opportunity, plus the fact that I had money in pocket, a sometime thing with any writer, was too much to pass up. I reached, soon enough, the city of Leh, the largest on the Indus. The largest on the Indus is not very big by American standards. Perhaps 3,000 people decorate its streets. No more, certainly. But they are remarkable people. Indian of feature mostly, dark-haired and slim figured. The women wrap themselves in gay colored saris—simply robes which cover them from head to foot—and move gracefully through the streets as if they were flowing like water, rather than walking.

I checked into the town's lone hotel, a baked white brick affair. My room was clean, large, and open with unglassed windows which gave on the street below. I showered, shaved, and dressed myself in fresh clothing, and then ordered up from below by means of an old-fashioned bell system a gin and tonic with which to add to my already strong feeling of well-being.

In a moment a young Kashmiri arrived with the drink posted on a silver salver. He bowed, set the tray on the table, and hesitated. I tipped him a rupee—about thirty cents—which was too much. But I was feel-

ing too well to quibble. Then I picked up the drink. As I did so I noticed on the salver a small printed card, plainly left for my perusal. It said, with frank honesty: BOK NELU: WE HAVE THE GIRLS. What it lacked in grammar it made up in succinctness, always a virtue in advertising. I was at first amused, and then curious. Was Kashmiri prostitution any different from that of the rest of the world? Why not find out, I thought?

And so, having had second and then a third gin and tonic, and eaten my supper, I strolled down the main street of Leh in the general direction of the business establishment of Bok Nelu.

My interest, let it be said, was purely disinterested. I have had enough experience with the unprivileged women of the world to know that they are for the most part filthy, diseased, and usually rather ugly. I was going to look, not taste, Mr. Nelu's wares.

I found his place simply enough. It was located on the second floor of a two-story building, entered by a set of stairs which ran up along the side of the edifice. I climbed the stairs and knocked on the door.

In a moment the door was opened by a short, fat gentleman wearing dirty white duck trousers and a white shirt open at the throat. On his feet he wore sneakers, and around his head, after the Indian fashion, a white kerchief. He was, taken altogether, a man in white, albeit somewhat smudgy white.

"Mr. Nelu?" I said.

He gestured gracefully and answered me in Punjabi, a dialect with which I am vaguely familiar. "Indeed, I had been hoping you would come to visit my poor house."

"Oh?" I said, surprised. "You expected me?"

"Not expected. Hoped. The arrival of an American in Leh is an occasion for celebration. We do not often have distinguished company from abroad."

"Ah," I said, "I see." Probably, I figured, half the population of the city was praying for me to fall into their hairs. In any case, Mr. Nelu was

plainly delighted to see me.

"My dear sir," he said, bowing his fat little body, "what will be your pleasure?"

"To be honest," I confessed, "I am a journalist. My interest is mostly mere curiosity." His face fell a little, and so I added: "However, I would not want to take up your time without recompensing you for it."

This suggestion of money cheered him up again, and he waved me on through a curtain into a back room. The room was just barely lit by an pair of oil lamps hanging from the ceiling. A couple of low divans ranged along one wall. Between them was a low teakwood table on which reposed a bottle or two of liqueur, and a pair of dainty blue glasses quite fine in manufacture. The walls were draped in a variety of tapestries, extremely carefully woven. At first glance they seemed to be merely studies of men and women; but as I took a second glance, I discovered they were by and large engaged in the act of love in a bewildering variety of postures. "You like my hangings?" Mr. Nelu said, grinning.

"They're imaginative, to say the least," I rejoined.

"I can arrange for you to obtain their equal," Mr. Nelu said, obviously a man with an eye for the dollar. "But please be seated. We can discuss that afterwards."

I sat, and Mr. Nelu poured me a bit of the liqueur from the bottle. It turned out to be some manner of cherry brandy, sweetish, but powerful. Then, as I sat sipping, Mr. Nelu clapped his hands.

Almost immediately a damsel appeared from a door hidden behind one of the tapestries. She was cloaked from head to foot. And then, with astonishing speed, she swept away her sari and stood naked before us. "Very athletic woman," Mr. Nelu said calmly. "Quite practised in all the arts. She will do whatever you like."

I gestured her away. "No thank you, really, Mr. Nelu."

Undiscouraged, Mr. Nelu clapped his hands again. Another girl appear-

ed and repeated the performance, except that this one did a little dance, swaying her lithe, sinuous body from side to side in time to unheard music. But again I protested. The girl disappeared.

Mr. Nelu was sure, however, that he catch me with some bait, and he proceeded to trot out the wares of his entire collection for my inspection. He had collected well. They were a varied lot, not hard to look at, but mostly remarkable for the size of their bosoms, which was inordinate. Unfortunately, although they were well formed, some of them seemed to have seen a good deal of hard usage. I must admit that I did not mind especially thus employing my time. But I felt that I was presuming on Mr. Nelu's good wishes. I had no intention of buying. So I said as much. "Mr. Nelu, this is very kind of you, but I'm not interested."

He frowned. "You like something special?" he said. "I can arrange for

a showing. A boy, a girl, two girls, whatever you desire. Ten rupees. Very inexpensive."

"No, really, Mr. Nelu," I said. "I'm just not interested."

His frown deepened, and then in a moment it vanished. "Ah," he said. "I have someone very special, something that is rare among us. But perhaps you will be interested in this. Although I warn you, the price is four hundred rupees."

That was a lot of money by Kashmiri standards, something like a hundred dollars. In Kashmir a laborer lives comfortably on fifty dollars a year. My curiosity was piqued. What did he have worth a hundred dollars? "All right, Mr. Nelu," I said. "Let's see her."

He clapped his hands again. And from behind the curtain a young girl, hardly more than sixteen, appeared. She too was wrapped in a sari, cloaked up to the eyes, which shone luminously in the half-lit room. "This,"

Mr. Nelu said, "is Ramee. I have just purchased her from her family in a village near to here. She is exquisite. She is also a virgin. Now you must understand that virgins are very difficult to find. That is why the price is so high. Also, you must understand that Ramee cost me two hundred rupees."

I figured that to be a lie; and in any case, I was not to be taken in by this merchant's droll tale. "Mr. Nelu," I said, "that's the oldest pitch in the books. I don't believe it."

He looked hurt. "Sir, honor-bound, that is true. I will return your money if it is not so."

Again, I backed off. I wouldn't have much chance to get my money back. At the first sign of trouble Mr. Nelu would scream for the local gendarmes, and have me removed. I'd seen that game tried too often. "Mr. Nelu, no thanks."

(Continued on page 51)



"Their hotel is all the way across town."



Picasso may well be the lion of Paris' artists—but then he paints only on canvases. Human bodies are infinitely harder to paint on—for a variety of reasons—and the master of this medium is Monsieur Chopy, master of the Moulin Rouge.

One of the world's daffiest (and delightful) celebrations is enacted each year at the

famed Mouling Rouge nitery in Paris, France. It's called . . .

FRANCE'S NUDE MODEL BALL





To insure realism from any angle, Mansieur Chappy starts his paint job from the front and then works his way back. Reason: the girl may accidentally turn around and spoil the illusion if she's not painted all over.



A true artist, M. Choppy (that's his real name) picks each girl according to the character she's going to portray. "Eet would be most impossible," says the artist, "to have a nautical theme painted on the back of a girl who is really cut out for something else."





"I'm a liquor salesman."

I WAS A TANGIER'S SMUGGLER

(Continued from page 16)

have been more than twenty-one or twenty-two, and she couldn't speak a word of English. I found myself envying the little Lebanese. The girl—I never found out her name—was a long-legged lovely, with skin the color of light chocolate. She wore a low-cut western-style dress that revealed the creamy upper hemispheres of her full, swelling breasts. She was a breath-taking sight. I ordered Sinkwich, our Number Two mate, to take her below to her cabin while we finished loading.

It was past sundown by the time we shoved off. I spent the first hour in a state of nerves. For the first time, I realized what risks I was running for the sake of this cargo. If we were caught, we might spend the rest of our lives rotting away behind bars. Law is notoriously vague in Mediterranean countries. We could be jailed without trial and then simply forgotten about for ten or twenty years, and there would be no way we could protest—for who would listen?

Even so, it was worth it. \$6000 for a three-day trip, and 25% of the fee was mine as skipper—\$1500. My five cohorts would each draw \$900. Not bad for a few days' work. At that rate I could earn as much in a month as I did in a whole year in England, and none of it would be taxed.

I spent the first hour alone on the deck as we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. The Spanish customs men at that time came from two directions—south from Algeciras and north from Ceuta—and sometimes they preferred machine-gunning to asking questions. The harbor in Tangier Bay is lined with derelict hulls rotting away—"Death Row," that district is called. The ships belonged to smugglers who didn't quite make it through the Straits.

But luck was with us. No customs boats appeared. An hour and a half after leaving, Sinkwich came up from below and tapped me on the shoulder.

"Our passenger wants to see you, Skipper." He was leering gaily. "Have fun, old man!"

I nodded. "Keep an eye peeled for the customs boats. I'll be back up here as soon as I can."

"Take your time!" he called after me.

* * *

I went belowdecks and made my way through the narrow companion-way to the cabin where we had put the Lebanese's mistress. I knocked.

"Chi va là?" she asked in Italian, repeating it in French: Who's there?"

My French vocabulary is bigger than my Italian one, but my pronunciation is lousy in French. I said in Italian, "*Il capitano.*"

She opened the door. She was wearing a filmy nightgown and a big smile. A moment later, she swept her arms upward briskly and she was wearing just the smile.

Her body was flawless: high, proud, red-tipped breasts, a softly rounded belly, gently curving hips. Her skin was delicately pale—the finest sort an Arab woman can have. She looked like a magnificent animal.

"I was lonely," she said, locking the cabin door behind me.

For an uneasy moment I wondered whether there was some trick involved in all this. But I didn't stop to argue. She pirouetted into my arms, pressing her breasts up against me as I fondled the firm roundnesses of her buttocks. Then she drew me down to the bed, giggling in anticipation of pleasure, glueing her mouth to mine, taking my hands and making them move over every part of her body until she virtually quivered with frenzy.

She was an expert in lovemaking: I've never had it better, either before or since. I think she was one of those girls who is spotted at an early age, say twelve or thirteen, and taken to the Tangier Casbah to be instructed in the arts of love—and then, at eighteen, after an intensive five-year course, is sold to some well-heeled Lothario for his private use. This girl had obviously

had the postgraduate course too. She could do everything in the books, and a couple of Arab specialties I had never even thought of.

The next three hours were just one long happy tumult of heaving breasts and writhing pelvises, of undulating hips and bouncing buttocks. We didn't do any talking in Italian or French or any other language except the language of our bodies, but that conversation was a doozie.

And then, finally, I remembered I was skipper of a smuggling launch. I detached myself from her ardent grasp, got back into my clothes, and mumbled clumsy Italian apologies as I backed out of the cabin.

Sinkwich was still on deck. "No sign of trouble?" I asked him.

"All's well, skipper. How was it belowdecks?"

"All was well down there," I said, tightening my belt a little.

* * *

The next two days passed quickly—too quickly, from one point of view, and not quickly enough, for another. I would have loved to spend months at sea with the Lebanese's Moroccan belli—but, contrariwise, I was anxious to reach our rendezvous and get rid of our cargo.

We dodged some bad weather round the Gulf of Lyons by skirting east of the Balearics, and that put us a little bit ahead of schedule. I managed to fit two more sessions with the Moroccan into my personal schedule. She was distributing her favors impartially among everybody on board. My crew, being Englishmen, did not boast about their "conquest," but I could tell from the smug expressions on their faces that it wasn't only the Skipper who was rolling in the hay belowdecks. Apparently the Lebanese's little girl was a very hot cookie who needed constant satisfaction to keep herself happy—and with a boatload of willing men, she must have been extremely happy indeed.

On the third day, we were getting pretty close to shore and to our ren-

I WAS A TANGIER'S SMUGGLER

devious, four miles south of Portofino on the Riviera. The ship was blacked out, and I had forbidden smoking on deck. I scanned the horizon tensely, looking for sign of a Customs boat from Genoa. If anything, the Italian customs men have become stricter than the Spanish boys, and the sentences are stiff: it's an automatic seven-day jail term for being caught buying or selling even a single pack of bootleg American butts, and getting nabbed with a thousand cases would be very very bad—a lo-o-o-ong jail term with no hope of help from the local American consul, who isn't going to break his back to bail out a smuggler.

Mario, our pilot, came on deck with a cigarette dangling lightheartedly from his lips.

"I thought I told everybody there was to be no smoking on deck this close to shore!" I snapped.

Mario grinned and punched my shoulder cheerfully. "Donts you worry, Skipper. My boss, he gotta deal with the custom polizia. They look the other way and my boss put a couple kilos oil in da Custom launch diesel fuel when he expects da cargo."

"I'm still not taking any chances," I said. "Douse the cigarette."

He grumbled a bit, but finally tossed it over the rail. Neither my precautions nor shoreside sabotage helped us, though. Maybe Mario's boss forgot to dump sugar into the fuel this time. Anyway, around 2 A.M. we heard the sound of a launch coming toward us. The thick coastal haze made it almost impossible for us to see them—but they could see us, it seemed.

A Genoese customs launch—coming right at us—and we had a thousand cases of undeclared cigarettes below-decks!

Suddenly all hands were on deck. Mario couldn't understand it.

"What should we do, Skipper?" I was asked. "Make a break for it?"

I shook my head. "That would be sheer suicide. Let's try to bluff them out."

A few moments later the launch pulled up alongside us. An Italian customs officer signalled that he was coming aboard. He was short and stocky, with a grim, efficient look about him.

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THE FIRST AND ONLY LOVE OF RAMEE

(Continued from page 43)

The flesh merchant shrugged. "I cannot convince you. All right then, would you care to look at Ramee. She is truly a wonder. The price for that is less. Fifty rupees."

That sounded more reasonable. I could afford to risk ten dollars to see something as charming as Mr. Neu made her sound. I gave him the money, and he gestured to the girl.

With slow, graceful movements she unwrapped the sari. In a moment she was naked. Mr. Neu had not lied about her beauty. She was truly breathtaking. Her hair fell long to the middle of her back. Her breasts sprung upwards in the first flush of womanhood. Her rounded hips joined a pair of magnificently curved legs, and her waist was incredibly thin. She turned slowly for my edification, and I could see that there was not a blemish on her soft, darkly luminous, satiny skin. Her face was soft and perfectly made. Her eyes were oval and stared at me unabashed. "Mr. Neu," I said. "You are right. Your Ramee is exquisite. But I cannot believe that she is a virgin."

He shrugged resignedly. "As you say. But I promise you she is." He dismissed the girl, and I got up to go.

"Thank you," I said, "I enjoyed it very much." I gave him another ten dollars for his trouble, and went out, walking rapidly back to the hotel. I was in need of a drink. The cherry cordial had left a sticky sweet taste in my mouth, and I wanted something of the tart taste of gin to clean it out.

I was thinking in anticipation of the taste of the gin to come as I walked

toward the hotel and, consequently, it was not until I was nearly there that I became aware that someone was following me. Immediately I stopped and turned quickly.

Behind me, standing in the doorway, was a shrouded figure. I was not positive that it was somebody on my tracks. It was, perhaps, simply somebody who had been standing there all along. I turned and started walking again, and then after a minute I swung around and looked. The shrouded

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SEX ORGIES OF SARAWAK

(Continued from page 27)

The meaning of this little incident seemed unmistakable. We were being offered companions for the night; the loveliest girls of the village would be ours. We glanced at each other and shrugged. Down in Kuching, we had been warned that the Dyaks become deeply insulted at the refusal of hospitality. We would be courting trouble if we snubbed these girls.

As if we wanted to snub them!

We were led into the longhouse, while the older women of the village followed, commenting noisily about us—or so we imagined—in a dialect we could not understand. We were given two rooms of the longhouse—Iscometti, Liuard, and I going into one room, Lucchesi, Versins, Ashfield, and Cavaradossi being led into the other.

The rooms were totally dark, which made up for the lack of privacy. The longhouse was full of noise—people talking in the communal room outside, dogs howling, village pigs oinking beneath the floors, roosters crowing in the distance. I stretched out on a sleeping-mat, kicking off my clothes and putting them near me. My lovely partner for the night took her place on the mat too, and in a moment had twined her cool, smooth-skinned limbs around my own.

The next two hours were strange ones—perhaps the strangest in all my travelling experience. I had never

(Continued on next page)

SEX ORGIES OF SARAWAK

(Continued from page 51)

made love in a room that contained two other couples, before. But it was so dark I could not see anything. I could hear Linard murmuring in amorous French to his partner, and from Iacometti's part of the room came the sighs and grunts of passion. But I soon forgot all about what was happening elsewhere in the room.

My companion's technique of love startled me. It was quite different from anything I had experienced in the Western world. She taught me the Dyak positions of love, and then I showed her the Western way. Not a word was spoken during our entire encounter. I felt her heavy breasts thrusting against me, sensed her hips undulating, tasted the tangy, spicy compound with which she had perfumed herself.

It was glorious. I remember thinking to myself, *If we had only filmed this session, we could forget all about the documentary nonsense and make fortunes renting the film out to stag parties.*

Then I drifted off to sleep, with the warmth of the Dyak woman nestled close beside me.

* * *

I must have slept no more than an hour, though it seemed like much longer. And suddenly, the night was split by a frantic yowl of pain.

The next few moments were instants of frantic action and confusion. I felt hands gripping my body; I woke up in an instant, wriggling free of their grasp, and in the same moment Iacometti sat up and switched on a flashlight.

The scene was horrifying. In the far corner of the room, poor little Linard was writhing in hellish agonies. Blood was spouting from his loins and from his throat, while the girl he had slept with was standing above him, wielding an immense blood-stained knife.

And the other two girls had been just about to perpetrate similar attacks on Iacometti and me!

But they were startled by the abrupt appearance of the flashlight. I saw Iacometti kick out viciously at the girl who had been about to mutilate him, and I did the same. The blades went clattering to the ground. The sounds of struggle came from the next room too.

"Come on!" I grunted, clambering into my trousers. "They're out to murder us. We've got to run!"

And run we did. Iacometti grabbed up Linard's bleeding body and we made a rush for the exit, half-dressed. Ashfield and Versins came pouring out of the adjoining room, followed by Luechesi and Cavaradossi. The Italians were both bleeding from superficial chest cuts. Luechesi was totally naked; he hadn't even had time to grab his trousers.

We put the ladders in place—they had been drawn up for the night—and scrambled down them, just as more blade-wielding women appeared. Cavaradossi and Versins ran down the row, yanking the ladders down. Then we made a dash for it, stopping only to grab up our camera equipment, which had been left in the central clearing for the night.

We must have set an all-time record for the three-hundred yard sprint. We arrived at the river breathless and clambered into the boats. Cutting the tethers, we pushed away from shore just as a dozen or so of the women reached the landing.

We were too stunned to talk, and I couldn't bear to look at Linard. The little Frenchman was dead from loss of blood by this time. He had been hideously mutilated.

Paddling for all we were worth, we travelled downstream for more than an hour, then stopped and buried Linard. We proceeded on toward Sarikel, numb with horror and shock, while mocking night-birds squawked at us from the banks of the river.

"You were lucky they bungled the job," a long-time resident in Sarawak told us the next day. "But we should have warned you: stay away from manless villages!"

We got the explanation then. The

village had been made ceremonially impure by members of another tribe who had slipped in one afternoon and raped some of the women. By religious custom of the village, no village husband could sleep with his wife until the impurity was wiped out. Therefore, all the able-bodied men of the village had gone on a long-range hunt. At the time we had arrived, they had been gone nearly three weeks. A long time to leave such amorous women alone.

And then we had blundered along, very conveniently for the village's love-starved women. Because the way to purify the village was to catch several outsiders, castrate them, sprinkle their blood on the impure women, and finally add their skulls to the collection in the longhouse's rafters.

That was why the native girls were so happy to see us—it meant that their husbands would soon be able to come home. Sex-hungry as they were, they resolved to have some fun with us first—what did it matter, they must have thought, since everything was to be purified afterwards? But in the darkness they had failed to kill Linard on the first thrust, and his howls had awakened the rest of us—just in time to save ourselves, if not poor Linard, from mutilation and death.

Shuddering, we thanked our informant for the news, collected our cameras, and moved on. We got our film finished, finally, by going eastward up the Keneuna river and taking our shots there. But this time we made sure each village we entered had its full complement of men, and, remembering the fate of Linard, we slept with our guns at our sides and forced ourselves to ignore the charm of the Dyak women. The night I spent in the hay with that beauteous Dyak belle had nearly been my last, and I kept far away from those dangerous Dyak women for the rest of my time in Sarawak. It was just too bad, but I never got a chance again to use the lessons I had received in Dyak lovemaking.

The end

ATTACKED BY MONSTER CRABS

(Continued from page 31)

Hot fire lanced through my left thigh and I knew I had reached the breeding-ground of the crabs. I slammed down with the bottle, hard, and something loathsome crunched. The dead crab still clung to my flesh. I brushed it away.

Pamela was surrounded by crabs now. They had almost bitten completely to the bone of her left arm; blood spurted in terrible gouts from the wound. There were deep slashes along the ripe curves of her buttocks. She was picking up the crabs and hurling them further out to sea, trying to make her way through the boiling mass of them and back to shore.

I tried to help her, smashing my bottle against them to stun them, and tossing them as far as I could. But it was hopeless. A naked man and a naked woman, armed only with a glass bottle between them, could not defend themselves against a seething ocean of monster crabs. I felt them nipping at my calves, my thighs, my loins...

A crab was crawling up Pamela's body. She screamed as its pincers bit into the soft flesh of her breast. I beat my way to her and wrenched the hideous creature from her body. Blood poured from the wound. I had suffered a dozen bites by now myself, and the salt water of the Caribbean turned them into a dozen pinpoints of blazing agony.

I got my arm around Pamela's shoulders. She was sobbing hysterically, sliding and losing her footing, and she hardly knew which way to turn. I guided her, dragged her actually, while desperately trying to clear a path through the thick mass of crabs with the bottle. I might have succeeded—we were only a dozen feet off shore—but suddenly Pamela, her bare body slippery from blood and salt water, eluded my grasp and slid beneath the surface of the water!

Instantly a swarm of black shells made for her. I groped blindly, trying to draw her up—and as I reached

for her, fierce pincers seized my wrist. The sharp grip tightened... tightened... I stared at my hand as though it were a stranger's, and knew oddly that I was going to lose it. But, through a miracle, I managed to pry the crab loose. My wrist was slashed to the bone, but I had kept my hand.

Pamela, I thought. Where is Pamela?

Her wild thrashings had carried her five feet further out to sea. I could make out arms and legs thrusting above the water, and hundreds of blue-black giant crabs swarming round her.

I waded toward her—caught her by one arm and one leg—dragged her bodily from the water.

Crabs followed us as we made for shore. But only a few actually crawled out onto the sand. I got a good look at one, a repellent beast with busy little legs and two beady eyes flickering at me, and then I pounded the life out of it with my bottle of rum.

I fought back the temptation to collapse on the warm sand. I was completely exhausted, bleeding from twenty deep gashes. But I had to look after Pamela. Pamela who was half drowned, Pamela whose body was mutilated by a hundred horrible slashes—

I knelt over her. She was a ghastly sight, lying facedown on the sand, with

great gaping rents in her golden-brown flesh. The muscles of her back, whose play I had admired only minutes before, now stood terribly exposed to my sight where the skin had been ripped away.

I rolled her over. One full breast had been sliced practically in half by a pincer. Her belly and thighs were dreadfully ripped apart. Blood seeped from her wounds into the sand, and I knew there would be no help for her. I put my ear to her breast. There was no sound of a heartbeat. Whether she had drowned or died of loss of blood, I had no way of knowing.

Numb and shocked myself, I lifted her mutilated body and carried it back to the blanket. There, I wrapped her in it. Then I dressed, though it was hell for me. I had four serious cuts and a host of minor ones. Somehow I got Pamela's body down to the motor-boat, and found my way back to Belize. There, I staggered up onto the dock and called out for help, and toppled face-forward, too weak to stay conscious any longer.

* * *

The next few days are blurred in my memory. I was taken to the local hospital, and there my wounds were

(Continued on next page)



"Oh, we don't have dues: thanks to the fantastic sale of picture post-cards!"

ATTACKED BY MONSTER CRABS

(Continued from page 53)

bound. I spent a few days in bed with a high fever. Pamela's father came to pay me a visit, and I told him the story as it had truthfully happened: Pamela had invited me to the inlet for the day, she had gone wading and somehow blundered into a nesting-ground of giant Caribbean crabs, and they had attacked her and cut her to pieces before I could save her. He seemed to be willing to believe that. He hardly appeared to care about his daughter's bloody fate.

When I recovered from my experience, I finished up my business in Belize and flew back to the States. That was three years ago. I haven't been able to go near salt-water since. And I lay awake at night thinking of the long-limbed redbeard with the calendar-girl body, who gave herself to me one night in British Honduras and who met a death of unimaginable grislyness the next day.

The end

THE MALAYAN GIRL CAME AT NIGHT

(Continued from page 41)

This time Jerry Persons, because he had a good working knowledge of the Malayan tongue, was asked to go. The young American packed a calfskin bag, gift from his Sandusky, Ohio friends when he had debarked for Malaya a year earlier, got onto the narrow gauge railroad, and traveled the dusty, hot three hundred miles to Kuala Krai. Here he disembarked, rented a small canoe, and proceeded five miles up the Kelangtan River to the mine pits he was concerned with.

His mission was simple. The current accounts of the mine chief, an Englishman named Horace Simpson, seemed erratic, to say the least. Simpson claimed a scarcity of labor was forcing him to cut back production in some months. Nonetheless, although

Malayan labor was a sometime thing, the suspicion remained that Simpson was peddling off some of the tin ore to private companies, probably some combine of the extremely astute and active Chinese who run most of Malaya's businesses.

Jerry Persons arrived at his destination at noon. He pulled the canoe up onto the unforested river bank and proceeded into the little village some fifty yards from the river. Here was a collection of small buildings made of fiber-lashed bamboo poles and roofed with woven mats of palm strips. Beyond a little bit was the wooden frame building where Simpson ruled—the combination administration building and living quarters for the three or four Europeans who ran the place.

Persons was in no hurry to see Simpson, however. His main interest was in talking to the Malayans. To this end he simply walked up to the first hut, poked his head through the door, and spoke a quick "Hello."

An old woman sat there, hardly bothering to lift her eyes to speak to him. "Ganisak," she said. "Hello."

"Where are the men?" Persons said. She gestured with her thumb. "At mines. In the hills."

"All of them?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"Do they go every day?"

"Always they go. No work, no money, no food."

So that very simply was that. It appeared that the men were working and therefore it must seem that production should always keep an even pace. It began to look as if Simpson was making off with a little ore on his own. But of course Persons could not draw any conclusions on the say so of one old woman. So he continued to make the rounds of the village, asking questions and jotting down information in his little note-book. By the time noon arrived he had covered a lot of ground. Undoubtedly something was fishy. But still he had a great more checking to do.

He was standing there in the middle of the village considering his next move when he heard the sound of

motors. He turned and looked. A couple of Army surplus six-by-sixes were coming down the tote road that led up to the mines. They were filled with laborers coming down for lunch. In front of them, leading the parade, was a jeep with a Malayan at the wheel and a mustached European leaning indolently back in his seat. Simpson, Jerry assumed. And as the jeep pulled up he discovered he was right.

Simpson, a thin, wiry man, with a bit of a mustache like a charcoal smear under his nose, eyed Jerry for a moment. "Who are you?" he said finally in his clipped British accent. "What are you doing here?"

Smiling pleasantly, Jerry stuck out his hand. "My name's Persons, Mr. Simpson. The front office sent me out for a little information. There seems to be some confusion about your accounting of your ore production. The front office wants me to see if I can't straighten it out."

Simpson eyed Jerry suspiciously. "I suppose it can wait until after lunch?" he said.

"Certainly," Jerry said courteously. "No rush at all. And speaking of lunch, what do I do about that?"

Blandly, Simpson faced him. "I'd love to have you up at the main house, Persons, but since we didn't know you were coming we've got nothing ready. I'll tell you, there's an empty hut over there. Make yourself comfortable and I'll send one of the women down with something for you."

Jerry was annoyed. Plainly Simpson wanted him out of the way until he could tip off people to keep their mouths shut; but he did not want to antagonize the man until he had to. "Fine," he said. "I'll do that. Perhaps after the men have gone back up to the mines this afternoon we can talk."

Simpson nodded curtly, and gestured to the driver to pull on up to the main house. Jerry watched him go. And then he turned and went into the hut. He was hot and tired from his morning's work, and he cast himself immediately down on the rush-covered bamboo floor. For a half an hour he sat there waiting in the sprinkles of

sunshine which filtered through the woven roof, half-blazing, nothing on his mind. Then he heard a noise and he stood. Coming down the path toward him was a young Malayan girl. She wore the traditional costume of the country: a sarong-like affair covering her hips, a shawl wrapped around her breasts and a turban around her head, all in bright colors. She was carrying a basket of something. A pretty girl, he thought, and young. But then most of the Malayans, who are among the most beautiful people in the world, were pretty. He saluted her casually as she came up. "Hello," he said.

She smiled prettily. "Hello. I have brought lunch."

"Good. I'm hungry." He smiled at her.

She returned the smile and kneeled on the floor, allowing the wrap-around skirt to open about her leg, revealing a fine tanned leg and a silk-smooth thigh. Then she emptied from the basket his lunch: a bottle of viana, the local wine; a couple of *kummattikku* melons, boiled eggs, and the hot beef dish called *pasu-mamsam*. "See?" she said. "Nice lunch."

Jerry sat himself down crossed-legged on the floor and began immediately to eat, first swallowing a mouthful of the wine to take the dust from his throat. And then to his surprise he realized that the girl was not leaving. She was sitting across from the heap of food staring at him solemnly, a shy smile on her face.

He looked at her. "Would you like something to eat?"

She shook her head. "I have eaten," she said. Then she paused, glanced at the ground and glanced back at Jerry. "You stay here long?"

He shook his head. "Not long. I think I'll go tomorrow, maybe, or the next day."

"What you do here?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, I'm just checking into a few things for the front office. Nothing important." He certainly did not want the word to get around that he was suspicious of Simpson. Presumably the workers did not know of his de-

predations on the Company's ore; or else they knew and were on Simpson's side. Very likely he was paying some of them a little extra to cooperate with him.

"Checking what?" she said blandly.

Now he gave her a second look. She was mighty interested in all his doings. "Some bookkeeping things. Nothing important."

She nodded. "I know bookkeeping. Old women say you write things down in book."

The word had gotten around fast. "It's not important," he said.

"You have book? Can I see book?"

He paused and looked at her. It was beginning to dawn on him that she was probably prying at Simpson's deepest. He wondered about that. Why should she support Simpson's bad dealings? "Never mind," he said truculently. "Forget about it."

So she shrugged, picked up the basket, and left him to finish his meal in peace. And that was the end of that, for the moment. He spent the afternoon with Simpson, asking questions and going over accounts. He could find nothing out of order. The man had good excuses for everything: a bad rainy season, trouble with the trucks, obstinate labor, and so forth. But something was wrong. At the end of the afternoon he gave up for the day.

He ate that night with Simpson in his private dining room. They talked of inconsequentialities. Indubitably the man was clever. Finally bedtime came. "I'm afraid, old chap," the mine boss said, "you'll have to bunk in the hut tonight. If you'd let us know you were coming we could have arranged something better."

"Quite all right," Jerry said. Plainly Simpson was doing what he could to make Jerry anxious to leave. So he said goodnight and walked down to the hut. The village was quiet, but here and there flickering fires sent gleams of light out of the cracks of the huts. With a borrowed blanket, Jerry lay down in the hut, undressed and fell immediately to sleep.

He was not sure what time it was

when he awoke nor what had惊动ed him. He lay in the dark room listening. Somewhere outside something—or somebody—was moving around. He eased himself up on one elbow to be ready for the intruder when he came.

And then suddenly he bulked up in the door. Persons rolled quickly to one side and down for the legs. The figure went down with a little cry, tumbling softly on top of him, and then, as his hands moved to grapple with his adversary, he discovered that he was holding a woman. He turned her over and in the moonlight stared at her face. It was the same girl of the afternoon. "What do you want?" he said roughly.

She shook her head, frightened. "Not going to hurt you. Want to come talk."

He let go of her. "This is no time for talking. Did Simpson see you?" he said.

She shook her head wildly. "No, no, not Simpson. I just come."

He stood and allowed her to get up. "All right," he said, although she plainly was lying. "You go back to your house."

But the girl did not move. She stood in front of him, allowing the moonlight to fall across her skin, like a figure. "No," she said softly. "I come to you." Quickly she unwrapped the turban from her head. The long black hair fell suddenly to her shoulders, a shining mass of jet.

Persons stared, unmoving. This was a surprise. The girl eyed him carefully, a half-smile on her lips, and then ran her hands up through her hair, raising it over her head. Suddenly she dropped the shining mass, and with one quick movement slipped the cloth from her chest. Half naked, her firm, erect breasts lit softly with dark and light from the moon-shadows, she stood before him. "Am I not worth—talking to?" she said, smiling.

He smiled back. "Well, talking to," he said.

Now she bent slowly and began to unfasten the wrap-around skirt. With

(Continued on next page)

THE MALAYAN GIRL CAME AT NIGHT

(Continued from page 55)

a soft gentle movement she unrolled it from her body and let it fall to the ground. She was now completely naked. Softly she rubbed her hands down across the mound of her stomach, and along the swell of her thighs. Then she knelt beside him, holding out her hands. "Come," she said. "Come."

He took her hands and gently pulled her toward him, feeling the warm, soft movement of her flesh as he enfolded her in his arms. She tipped her head back, offering her lips. He bent and kissed her, and then he could feel the quick darting motion of her moving rapid as a snake. He turned and rolled her softly to the ground beneath him. She moved with him, helping him, and then she was clutching him passionately, pressing her body wildly against his . . .

Afterwards, they slept. He did not begin to come awake until near dawn. At first he was only conscious of the vague first light of day coming into the hut; and then he became aware of movement beside him. He shook his head and turned.

The girl, dressed again, was stooped over his heap of clothing, holding something in her hands. Suddenly he was fully awake. He raised his head.

At the movement the girl, startled, leapt up; but not before he saw that it was his notebook she was hastily trying to jam into the top of her sarong. He jumped up and grabbed her arm. She started to make a soft cry, and then stopped.

"So that was it," he shouted. "Persons sent you to me to get the notebook? You little hussy, I ought to pound the tar out of you!"

She looked at him frightened. "Please, I didn't want to," she said. "Please don't hit. Please, he made me do it. I didn't want to. But here we have to do what he says. He is boss, he will whip us if we do not obey."

He stopped, astonished. Is that true?" he said. "He whips you?"

"Oh yes," she nodded. "He whips us when we are bad."

So that was Simpson's game. He had been beating the laborers into submission, probably driving to overwork to build up his production high enough so that he would have a good surplus to sell. And at the same time, the whip frightened them from appealing to the authorities. He looked at the girl. "Simpson, what does he do with the ore?"

The girl, still frightened, answered quickly. "Some goes on trucks to the railroad. Other times it goes up riverboat—up the Kalamantan."

That must be it. Simpson was sending part of the ore to headquarters by truck, as he should. But plainly part of it was going up the river to buyers unknown. "All right," he said grimly. "Don't worry. There'll be no more whipping." He turned and stared out of the hut.

And then he saw Simpson coming toward him down the path. "Good

morning," the man said blandly. "How did you sleep?"

And then he recognized the figure of the girl standing in the hut. He stopped and the bland look on his face shattered. Persons faced him. "Don't worry about the girl, Simpson. I caught her lifting the notebook."

"I see," Simpson said slowly. "I see." He paused, his hands on his hips, staring at Persons in the already hot morning sun. "I see." And then suddenly he made his move. With a quick gesture he snapped his hand under his shirt and drew forth an ugly .45 caliber British Army pistol. "All right, Persons," he said. "Turn around and start marching for the jungle."

It was plain that Simpson intended to shoot him in the thick foliage and leave his body to rot. It would certainly never be found. He did not wait then. With a sudden shout he dove, his feet leaving the ground entirely. He heard the pistol explode, and felt a hot flash of fire along his shoulder. Then he tumbled into Simpson, and the two went down. Again Simpson fired. But this time his aim was wild. And Jerry simply drove his fist as hard as he could into the man's face. He could feel the hot spurt of his own blood breaking from his knuckles; but more pleasurable he could feel Simpson's teeth fall to pieces under the crushing impact of his hand. He slammed the man again, this time across the bridge of the nose. In pain, Simpson howled, dropping the gun and clutched his face. But before he covered Jerry got in one more good clean blow to the face. Then he swooped up the pistol, unsighted to his feet, and leveled it at the smashed face of Horace Simpson. "All right," he said. "On your feet. I think we'll go back to Kuala Lumpur this afternoon."

The girl had come out of the hut and was standing beside Jerry. "Please," she said, smiling softly. "Please stay one more night."

And Jerry Persons thought that he might.

The end

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TANGIER'S SMUGGLER

(Continued from page 51)

He wanted to see our papers. I produced them. The papers said we were en route to Malta from Tangier, but we were hundreds of miles north of our alleged destination. How come, he asked? What was our cargo? What were we trying to pull, anyway. Maybe we'd all better come ashore and have a talk with the *polizia*.

I cursed the day I had ever gone into the smuggling game. I vowed that if I ever got out of jail in Genoa, I'd spend the rest of my life in virtuous pursuits. I had dismal visions of myself sojourning in Marassi Prison till some time in 1980.

Suddenly Mario interposed himself between the customs inspector and myself, and began to talk in a stream of Italian so rapid I could hardly follow more than every tenth word. I heard him repeat the name of our Lebanese employer several times—and he made a couple of obscene gestures, too. The customs man merely frowned.

"Un momento!" Mario cried. "Wait a second!" He dashed down below-decks.

He returned a moment later with our passenger. The girl wore only a filmy negligee through which her high, pointed breasts were plainly visible, and she was giving the customs man the eye. He lost his frown in half a second. She opened a top button, putting the rounded swells of her breasts forward. She was square in the spotlight field of the customs boat, and she was a lovely sight.

The customs man nodded thoughtfully, stepped forward, span her around to examine her hips and buttocks as if buying a prize horse. Then he went belowdecks with her.

Mario grinned. "We were almost in very serious trouble, but now we will be all right," he announced.

The customs man was belowdecks more than an hour, while we sat around on deck, locking our hands nervously. Finally he came up, alone. He was smiling.

"Questo è un miracolo," he exclaimed.

ed. "That woman is a miracle!"

He climbed over the rail and into his boat. "I did not see you, signori. Buona sera."

And the customs launch vanished into the haze.

We let out our breaths in one enormous collective sigh of relief. Mario merely snickered. "Some da customs men, they pretty corrupt," he exclaimed. "We were lucky tonight."

* * *

We hung offshore at the rendezvous for another hour, and then we heard the sound of ours. A fishing boat was approaching through the mist. When it pulled up, two Italians in city clothes jumped aboard, nodded to Mario, and congratulated me on our narrow escape.

"How did you do it?" they asked. I shrugged. The last thing I wanted to do was to tell them the truth, for

(Continued on next page)

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I WAS A

TANGIER'S SMUGGLER

(Continued from page 57)

fear the Lebanese might find out and be jealous. "I argued with him and he lost," I said simply.

At their instructions, we brought the yacht closer to shore, until we were no more than half a mile from the beach, and we could see the people in the windows of the passing coast train from Genoa. Then we began to unload into the fishing boats. The job took four hours, and everyone smoked and chattered as the cases came up through the hatches and were passed over the side. I was handed a fat envelope full of hundred-dollar bills, I counted through it: we had all our money, to the penny.

It was eight in the morning by the time the job was done. We were in broad daylight by now. The girl was long since gone, leaving unforgettable memories behind. Our ship unloaded, our fee paid, we turned about and laid

a course back to Tangier.

I had lost eight pounds on the trip, and picked up a few new gray hairs. But I was \$1500 richer—not to mention the memories I now had, priceless ones, of that hot-blooded Moroccan last.

Despite all my vows of quitting while I was ahead, I contracted for a new smuggling trip as soon as we returned to Tangier. We completed it without incident, and as a matter of fact at no time in my eighteen-month smuggling career did I again have a serious brush with customs officials. On the other hand, never again did we have so lovely—and so willing—a passenger on board. When I sold the yacht and retired from the Tangier trade, late in 1955, I had a nest egg of better than \$30,000. I'm investing it in smart stocks now—and some day, when I'm rich enough, I'm going to go back to Tangier and buy me a lovely Moroccan lassie all my own.

The end

SAFARI OF DEATH

(Continued from page 8)

Before we left Paris, Lois and I had no chance to get together. But our first night in Fort Archambault, she made up for all the lost time. We were staying in a tiny hotel, a dingy place whose woodwork crawled with repulsive insects. It was near dinner time. Ethel and I had had a quarrel that afternoon at the airport, and she had dressed for dinner and gone flouncing out of the room to leave me by myself. I was stripped to the waist and shaving when there was a knock on the door.

I opened it. Lois Barrett stood there. It was the first moment we had been alone together.

She smiled warmly as she closed the door behind her. She was wearing an informal bathrobe sort of garment, and as the door closed she let the robe slip to the floor. She was nude underneath it.

"I've waited so long for this, Leon!"

"Do you think it's safe?" I asked, eyeing the creamy loveliness of her body. Compared to her, Ethel was thin and angular. Lois' breasts were high and full, without a trace of droop. Her hips curved invitingly. "There's no way of locking the door," I said. "And suppose George or Ethel—"

"They're both downstairs having cocktails," she said. "I checked. We have half an hour, at least, before they'll miss us. Let's make the most of it."

We certainly did. She was like some fierce panther as she clung to me, her teeth nipping my shoulder. "God," she breathed. "I haven't felt this way in years. George is practically impotent. Again, darling! Again!"

We only had half an hour together that time. But under the intimate conditions of the safari, we had more and more opportunities. Once, after both my wife and her husband had dropped off to sleep, we left our tents and made love under a bright moon. Another

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(Continued on next page)

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SAFARI OF DEATH

(Continued from page 60)

Lois smiled, throwing back her shoulders to make her large breasts stand out against her shirt. "At last we're free, darling! I'll inherit George's money, and you can divorce that hag Ethel, and there'll be just the two of us, always—"

I shook my head, dumbfounded. "You just stood there and let the lion kill him! You could have fired, but you didn't, Lois!"

She nodded. "Of course. What simpler way was there to get rid of him? After all, he stood in the way of our love, Leon—"

"You think I'd marry you—now?"

Her expression changed. "What do you mean?" she said in an edgy voice.

"You virtually murdered your husband," I said thinly. "Do you really think I'd want to marry a murderer?"

"But—we had to get rid of him, Leon—"

"You killed him!"

"All right," she said quietly. "I killed him. What of it? Divorce Ethel and we can get married. We can have each other legally! Every night!"

"No go, Lois. I'm going to stay married to Ethel. I certainly wouldn't leave her for an amoral slut like you."

Fury blazed in her eyes. She lifted her rifle and for one moment I thought she was going to gun me down—until I saw she was aiming the big gun past me.

I turned to see her target.

It was Ethel—my wife!

Ethel was crossing the river, coming back early. She had some sort of trophy in her boat, and she was calling out to us, unaware of the day's bloody tragedy. And Lois had her square in the sights!

"I'll save you the trouble of getting a divorce," she muttered. "And then you'll have to marry me!"

"Lois—no!"

I charged forward, deflecting the gun upward. The bullet crashed harmlessly into the air. Then, seizing the rifle from Lois' hand, I swung it round and in blind fury smashed her down with the stock!

My blow caught her along the side of the head. She fell, blood streaming down her cheek. Shaking her head dazedly, she tried to rise, but she was groggy. My sanity returned as I saw the welling blood matting her delicate blonde hair. For an instant I even forgot that she had murdered her husband and tried to kill my wife. She was hurt, and I had done it.

Then I heard a snarl—and, a moment later, a distant shriek from Ethel.

Whirling, I saw the lioness charge. She had been lurking in the brush, and now—invited, perhaps, by the scent of blood on the air—had come bounding forward. I leaped out of the way just in time. But Lois, dazed, half-unconscious on the ground, could not escape.

The slaughter was quick. The lioness' first swipe ripped open only the front of Lois' shirt, haring for the last time those round breasts I had so passionately kissed only the night before. Then the beast ripped and slashed at Lois' silken throat. Blood spouted crazily.

Reducing to minimum firing distance, I pumped bullet after bullet into the hungry lioness, and when my rifle was empty I rushed forward to crush it down again and again on the tawny beast that still crouched over Lois' half-devoured form . . .

* * *

There was no question of further safari after that. We returned to Fort Archambault and there George and Lois Barrett were buried. No one but Ethel and I knew the true story of how they met their deaths.

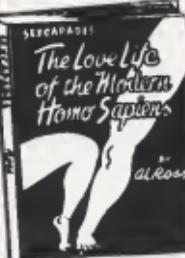
Ethel and I managed a reconciliation, and today, three years afterward, we are more happily married than ever before. My interlude of adultery with Lois Barrett is just a memory now. But it's a memory that will remain with me always—the memory of a blonde temptress with fire in her veins and steel in her heart, who met bloody death under the blazing sun of French Equatorial Africa.

The end

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THE FIRST AND ONLY

LOVE OF RAMEE

(Continued from page 51)

figure had moved up a couple of doors and was standing motionless as before. I did not think that it was anybody with trouble in his mind, but I took no chances. Hurrying directly to the hotel, I went into the small dining room that served as a bar, and there,

under the bright lights, I engaged myself with a gin and tonic and a conversation with a Kashmiri businessman who was enjoying himself likewise.

The talk was good; we drank a number of gins, and thus it was late when I finally said goodnight and started up to bed. Tired, ready for a night's sleep, I turned the key in the lock of my door and pushed it open. I flicked on the light and had started for the



"I believe you," I said finally. "But I will not pay the price. Besides, I don't make a habit of deflowering young girls, Ramer. So you had better go back to Nelu."

She shook her head decisively. "You do not understand. There is no charge. I want to go with you for nothing."

"No, I guess I don't understand," I said. "What is it?"

"Nelu has cheated my family," she said firmly. "I will cheat him back. He gave my father fifty rupees. He said I could be sold only for a hundred rupees. Now I know that is a lie. He wanted you to pay four hundred rupees. He should have paid my father more, much more."

"And so," I said, touched by the girl's filial piety and her determined attitude to revenge herself, "you will not be a virgin for him."

"Yes," she said. And then she cast down her eyes. "Besides," she said softly, "I want the first to be someone I like. I like you. You are nice and gentle speaking. I do not want the first to be a fat businessman like Mr. Nelu."

I was touched again. She was right. Certainly, she had condemned herself to a life of white slavery. But once, just once, she had a right to make love to a man for the simple pleasure of it. Slowly I took off my clothes, and then I picked her up and carried her to the bed. "Be gentle," she said quietly. For a long time I lay beside her stroking that wondrous skin, marveling at the beauty of that lovely body beside mine. And then I drew her to me.

She responded with a passion that astonished me, as if she knew that it were the first and last time in her life that she could truly make love.

And then, afterward, I asked for her parents' address. "What for?" she asked.

"I cannot give you any money," I said. "This time you must make love for nothing. But I think perhaps I will send your father a little gift—the rest of what Mr. Nelu owes him."

The end

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Your OWN Nationally-Advertised Business

YOU BECOME AN EXPERT IN THE CLEANING & PROTECTING OF RUGS & UPHOLSTERY

Even if you are now employed you may start enjoying the prestige and financial independence of your OWN business. We are ready to expand our world-wide organization and offer an unusual lifetime opportunity to reliable and diligent men. You will be trained in your town by a Duraclean dealer, who will reveal the Duraclean System and plans for building business. He will help you get quickly established. Just 2 average jobs a day earns \$8,750 NET profit first year. Employ others and MULTIPLY profits. Business grows from recommendations and repeat orders. Under our guidance you become an expert in the care of rugs and upholstery, a profession for which there is now great demand. Easy to learn. We furnish everything required. No shop needed.

Even if now employed you can start from home!

WE PROVIDE 25 SERVICES TO HELP YOU BUILD BUSINESS

These are full-time dealerships, but you can start part-time from home. All work is done with portable equipment in homes, offices, restaurants, etc., and to repair used car upholstery for auto dealers. Furniture stores, cleaning shops, etc., turn over work to you. We work with you 12 months of the year and provide 25 regular services to help you build business: National Advertising in McCall's, House & Garden, a dozen others. Products Insurance, Complete Advertising Kit including costs, mats, folded radio & TV commercials, Public Relations, Salesmen free local newspaper stories. Monthly Magazine, Sales Book, National and Regional Conventions, Prizes, Pocket Demonstrators. Many others.

5 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

A Duraclean Dealership qualifies you to offer five different services. Thus on many jobs you multiply profits.

1. DURACLEAN: Unique ABSORPTION process for cleaning rugs, carpets, upholstery. Recommended by leading stores and manufacturers. No scrubbing, soaking, shrinkage. Aerated foam manufactured by portable electric Foamavator safely removes dirt, grease, unsightly spots. Dries as fast customers use furnishings in few hours.

2. DURASHIELD: Soil-retarding treatment that KEEPS furnishings clean MONTHS longer. So now you may be the first in town to offer this type service.

3. DURAPROOF: Protects against damage by moths, carpet beetles. Only such treatment backed by an International 6-year Warranty!

4. DURAGUARD: Another new service exclusively developed for Duraclean dealers. A flame-proofing treatment

which reduces fire damage by retarding charring and the tendency of fires to flame up. Theaters, restaurants, and hotels, as well as homes, offer a huge potential.

5. SPOTCRAFT: Special chemical products which enable you to handle most all spot or staining problems means extra business, greater customer satisfaction, and added prestige for you as a professional craftsman.

EASY TERMS

A moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. If needed, we help finance you. We furnish electric machines, complete sales and advertising material and enough supplies to return your TOTAL investment.

Send for FREE Booklets

Our first letter and illustrated booklets explain the urgently needed services, waiting market, your large profit, easy terms and PROTECTED territory. Send coupon for free facts today.



1st Prize Is Win This Honor
Your services are backed by this famous seal of quality, proof that Duraclean has passed rigorous tests. It's the seal that do the work. Duraclean also bears the Tester-Certified Seal of the American Research & Testing Laboratories.

What Dealers Say

L. H. Hayes: First month I grossed \$770.17. Duraclean proved so popular, I'm now full-time.

R. N. Bitter: Seldom go under \$200 per week by myself.

L. Johnson: Every customer leads to 2 or 3 more.

W. Abbott: In past 7 months I've taken in over \$12,000.

M. Lassanske: Original investment returned in 2 months.

W. Loskielis: We've had 21 years of pleasant dealing. I'm 72 but setting sights for 20 more years.

More dealer comments in our literature. Send coupon today.

Duraclean Co. 8-890A Duraclean Blvd., DEERFIELD, ILLINOIS

"OWN a Business" Coupon

DURACLEAN CO. 8-890A Duraclean Blvd., Deerfield, Ill.

Please rush free booklets and letter giving full details of how I may OWN growing, lifetime business and start while still employed.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Scans



Edits